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He: CAN'T YOU GIVE ME YOUR ANSWER? IT'S CRUEL TO KEEP ME IN SUSPENSE.  
"BUT THINK OF THE LENGTH OF TIME YOU HAVE KEPT ME IN SUSPENSE."

# Eden

The select brand of  
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men of fashion and by  
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Gold Medal, Paris, 1900.

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being appointed to make the cigars  
for the Official and Royal Banquets  
at the Coronation of His Majesty

**King Edward VII.**

of Great Britain.

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for discomfort  
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Rubbing by the  
Clasp; that's  
Flat

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**Silk Garter**  
**FOR MEN**

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NEW YORK



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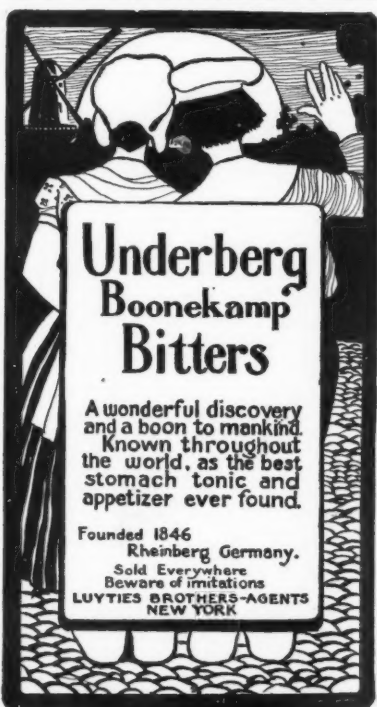
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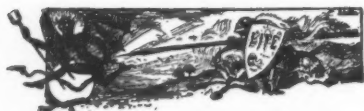
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LUYTIES BROTHERS-AGENTS

NEW YORK

"A 'SUMMER GIRL' IS A BACK TO STRETCH SHIRT WAISTS ON; INSIDE IS A RECEPTACLE FOR LOBSTER SALAD AND ICE CREAM, WHILE OUTSIDE IS AN ATTACHMENT FOR DIAMOND RINGS."





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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APPENDICITIS, never a popular disease, except possibly among surgeons, is more disliked than ever since its most un-

timely and inconsiderate onslaught on the King of England. All the world was concerned about the King's fancy-dress coronation, had watched and shared the elaborate and costly preparations that had been made for it, and hoped sincerely that it would go off without a hitch to the King's satisfaction and the Queen's taste. To have the great show blighted on the eve of its performance, and all the rejoicings turned into deep anxiety, was distressing luck, and very lively sympathy has been felt everywhere in this country for our troubled and disappointed friends in England.

King Edward is a very popular man, and is so by good right. He is kindly and sensible. For nearly fifty years he has been one of the great show figures in the world, so that we all know him and all about him, and have for him the sort of regard that goes out to an old and tried acquaintance. At this writing such news as we have of his condition gives good hopes of his recovery. Meanwhile—How is the King? is the first thing we ask of the newspapers in the morning and the first thing we turn to in the last paper of the day. If he will only get well,

his friends here, as well as his loyal and affectionate subjects, will cheerfully put down the coronation and its disappointments to profit and loss, and take a fresh start. After all, there is a good deal to be said in these days for Republican simplicity. If King Edward could only have been sworn in as simply as President Roosevelt was, he would probably not have had this hard price to pay for overtaxed strength and energies spent in preparations for a pageant.



OUR President, by the way, appeared in great form at the Harvard Commencement, where he made a good speech devoted to praise of three good men—Governor Taft, Secretary Root and General Wood. He spoke as handsomely and as gratefully of them all as one man could well speak of others; setting forth how important their services had been to us and to civilization, and at what great personal sacrifice they had been rendered. It was all well said and well deserved. Only when he defended his three fellow-laborers from detraction he seemed, perhaps, to overestimate the sentiment he combated.

The truth is that the present executive branch of our Government is exceedingly strong. The weakness of the Republican party does not appear in the group that meets in the White House, but in the gang that has thus far been able to defeat our desire to act justly and kindly with Cuba. The Republicans that need defense are not Taft, nor Wood, nor Root, but the beet-sugar bandits, and their colleagues who stick out for high protection for giant industries, and for more dollars always for him who hath.



IT is delightful to see Mr. Bryan lose his temper over Mr. Cleveland's recent discourse, and call that gentleman hard names. Mr. Bryan is rather a good-natured man, and the general inference from his outbreak is that he must see serious breakers ahead for himself and the delusions which he contrived to fasten upon the Demo-

cratic party. There is much pain and probably some fright in his execrations. He must prepare to do his own mourning when his time for mourning comes. He passed off bad money on the Democratic party and bought leadership with it. Outside the Democratic party his money would not go. Now that Democrats everywhere seem to be coming to a sense of the disadvantage of trying to use money that the country won't have, Mr. Bryan's leadership ought to fail for lack of consideration. Considering the sort of sand he builded on, his edifice has stood posterously long.



THE coal strike is a public nuisance.

It is likely to be abated soon, but hardly in a satisfactory manner. It looks too much as though the operators would win without any concessions, and as if even the reasonable claims of the miners would fail of recognition. The miners have certainly failed to get the general public on their side. They are distrusted. It has been felt that it was even more dangerous for the miners' union to have power to dictate to the operators than for the operators to run the mines to suit themselves. As between miners and operators, public favor has inclined towards the operators. But much more satisfactory than a fight to a finish with victory for either side, would have been a settlement in which the public could have believed that substantial justice was done to both sides. If the operators win, in so far as they win against right, their victory will only be temporary. What the country hopes for is strike settlements that will make future strikes less likely. Any system, or achievement of statesmanship or accumulated experience, which will make such settlements of industrial disputes the rule, will make vastly for the promotion of prosperity and public comfort. It is a very difficult consummation to achieve, but in time it must come to pass. Such strikes as we have nowadays, with their attendant costs, disorders and brutalities, will not be tolerated forever in a country as nearly civilized as ours.



BIRDS OF PRAY.

THE SAME YESTERDAY TO-DAY AND FOREVER.

### Immorality.

CHICAGO'S decision that Balzac is immoral has the importance of intrinsic merit. Moreover, coming as it did in the very midst of the teamsters' strike, it leaves no reasonable doubt about the highest critical faculty being, after all, mostly independent of the fresh meat supply, something which it is good for belles-lettres to have settled.

But it is not easy to shake off the suspicion that the worst is being kept from us.

Balzac holds the mirror up to nature; the ordinary mind hurries to the awful thought that nature, therefore, is immoral.

Quite a few people have in late years fallen into the way of trying to live close to nature.

If nature is immoral, these people ought to be notified. Otherwise they will innocently get themselves talked about.



ON THE FIFTH DAY.

"REALLY, I WISH I MIGHT CONSULT MY PHYSICIAN A MOMENT. I WONDER IF HE WOULD ADVISE ME TO CONTINUE TAKING THESE 'APPE-TIZING BITTERS' EVERY THREE HOURS?"

### Considerations.

THE assurance that Senator Hanna favors the Panama route will be heard with relief by the serious-minded, implying as it does that considerations of humanity and Christianity do not enter here.

Considerations of humanity and Christianity are doing about all that can reasonably be expected of them in determining our Oriental policy. To impose on them the further task of affecting our attitude touching the isthmian canal were imprudent.

By the by, we are getting a grasp of this Eastern question. There probably is not an editorial writer in the country, of any importance, who does not now know whether it is two p's or two l's that "Philippines" contains.

### A Man's Wild Summer Scheme.

HARRIET: What shall I say in this advertisement for board in the country?

HARRY: Well, say we want a place where there are no flies, chickens or children, no piano, nor melodeon, no other boarders, and where we won't ever have to dress up or associate with the family.

## How They Brought the Good News to Hell.

In the General Assembly yesterday, the Committee's Report in favor of Revision was adopted with only two dissenting votes.—*Daily Paper.*

**O**H, the gates be strong and the years be long

For the Souls that burn in Hell!  
And little there comes but bitter tears  
From the wretched that there must dwell.  
But saddest of all in those dreadful realms  
Are the Souls of the Infant Dead;  
So the Children shook with a sudden thrill  
At the wonderful news they read.

For to fix their fate divers godly men  
In the General Assembly met;  
And in far New York the wondrous work  
For these holy men was set.  
They argued strong and they parleyed long,  
While the Infants strained their ear,  
And whispered low, "After burning so  
"In Hell these three hundred year,

"Shall our bonds be loosed and the flames  
be quenched?

"Is there hope that we yet go free?"  
And with fluttering heart they listened  
intent

To hear what the vote might be;  
For some of the Elders would fain revise  
The Creed that such doom compelled;  
And others cried, "Mar not the old, fair  
Faith,  
"The Doctrine our Fathers held."

So in trembling throng the dead Children  
came,  
Of high and of low degree;

Some born in shame, some born to thrones;  
'Twas a wondrous sight to see;  
For these Non-Elect Infants, every one,  
Were branded with Adam's Fall,  
Nor might come to Grace, but within that  
place  
Must suffer in endless thrall.

Some had died with the breath of their  
Mother's kiss,  
And some with the Martyrs crowned;  
And none any Sin had wrought on earth;  
But for Man's First Fault they were  
bound.  
Nor yet might they speak nor make defence,  
But must suffer of Wrath the fruits;  
For in God's great frown were they blasted  
down,  
As per Calvin's Institutes.

And so, when the joyful news was heard  
Of the Church's kindly work,  
They drew up a scroll, and they sealed it  
fair

With the Seal of the Stated Clerk,  
And the Moderator's Signet-Ring,  
And the vote attested true;  
"Two hundred and seventy voting 'Aye',  
"Of two hundred and seventy-two."

And the Angels that sit at Jehovah's left,  
And the Angels upon His right,  
Examined the Scroll by the Flaming Torch  
Of Heaven's eternal light:

And they said, "Strange things have these  
Infants spake;

"Yet the vote is attested true;  
"Two hundred and seventy voting 'Aye',  
"Of two hundred and seventy-two."

So naught remained but to loose their bonds;  
And their shackles they tore away;  
And the Children came from the depths of  
Hell

To the light of Eternal Day;  
And then, as was meet, by a Baby's voice  
They have spake to the Stated Clerk,  
Conveying the Infants' childish thanks  
For the General Assembly's work.

Forgot is the anguish, the hopeless woe,  
Forgot are the scalding tears  
That have blistered the blazing stones of  
Hell

For lo! these three hundred years.  
For the little Children come romping forth,  
As from out of Hell they rise,  
And are gone to play in the flowery fields  
Of their new-found Paradise.

All Honor be theirs forevermore,  
Extolled be their goodly names,  
That voted these Children's spirits free  
From the everlasting flames:  
Forever be honored the blessed day,  
Marked and remembered well,  
When the Unregenerate Infant Dead  
Were loosed from the Gates of Hell.

*M'Cready Sykes.*



### How Now?

**W**ITH Mr. Carnegie declaring that the college man is pretty small potatoes in business, and Mrs. Astor insisting that no man can be a gentleman without a college education, it is plain to see that we are on the brink of important developments.

Does our materialistic philosophy,

after all, hold in itself the seeds of a fatal dualism?

It may be that the marked uneasiness of the producing classes has a deeper significance than we have imagined.

### The Way It Often Goes.

"SOME men are born poor," said the man who tries to be different; "some achieve poverty, and others

buy furniture on the installment plan. Again, one man is born rich and manages to hold his own, another man achieves riches and the ability to hold other people's own as well as his own own, and still another promotes an elongated and arid oil well in Texas and then goes away and leaves the stockholders in the hole."

**V**OTES are potent; but what do they prove?

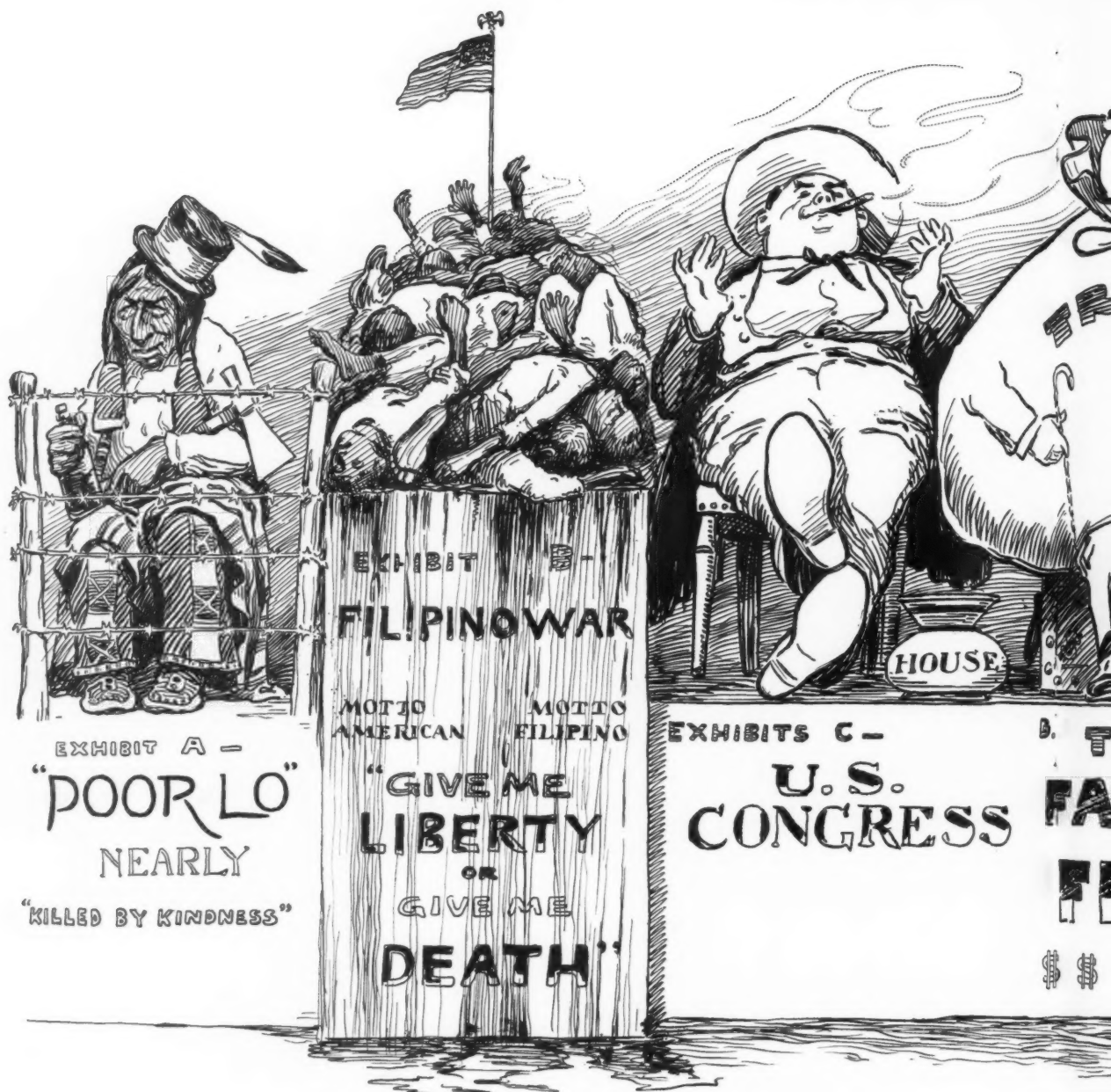


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IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

"WHERE DID YOU GO ON YOUR WEDDING TRIP?"  
"THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WONDERING."

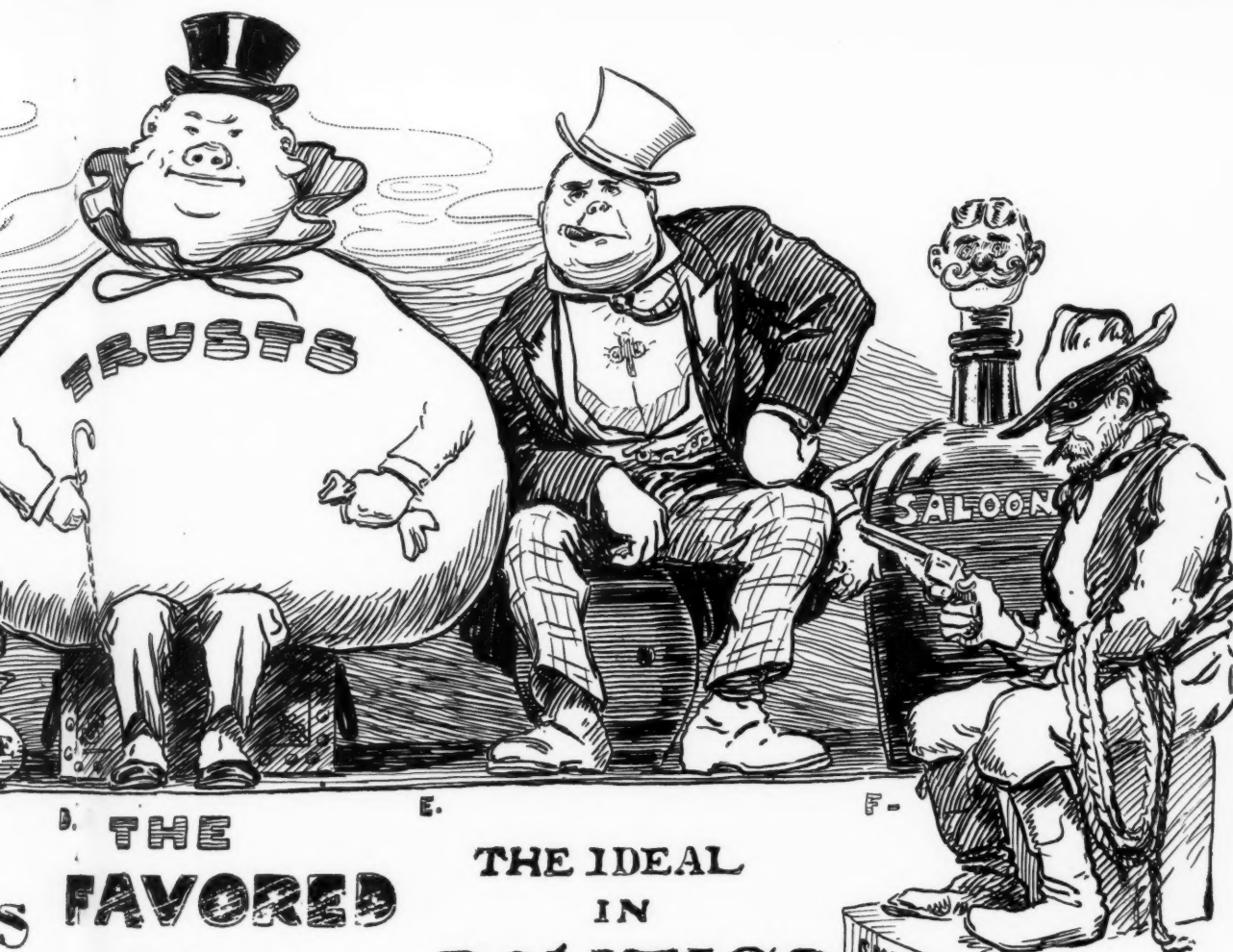




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THINGS OF WHICH WE

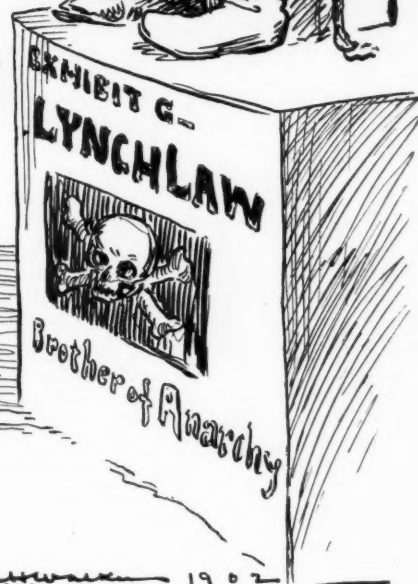




D. THE  
FAVORED  
FEW

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E. THE IDEAL  
IN  
POLITICS



### Trusts.

**B**IG trusts have little trusts  
Upon their backs, to bite 'em;  
And little trusts have lesser trusts;  
And so, *ad infinitum*.

W. D. Nesbit.

### A Complete Rest.



**T**IPTON shut down the roll-top desk in his private office with a bang, threw a last derelict envelope into the waste-basket, and turning with smiling face to the clerks who had gathered in a little group to bid him good-by, said:

"Well, boys, I'm off. Keep your end up while I am gone, and remember this: I don't want to hear a word from you. Don't send me any mail. Don't try to reach me by wire or telephone, even if the building burns down. I'm going away for a real vacation, where I won't be disturbed."

Then he shook hands all around and hurried off to join his wife at the railway station.

The usual excitement incident to the departure of a train was successfully lived through. As they sped out into the open country, Tipton looked at Mrs. Tipton with a fond, exultant look.

"There, my dear," he said, "we're off at last! For the first time in years I am going to do the sensible thing. I'm going to lose myself. No mail. No messages. Complete rest. I wonder why I never thought of it before."

"I'm so glad," said Mrs. Tipton, "that you've come to your senses at last. This will do you a world of good, I know."

In the course of a few hours they alighted at their station. Then they were driven miles and miles—it seemed almost interminable—until they came in sight of the quiet little hotel—or rather inn—on the mountainside, where they were received with all the splendor of courtesy that only a rural hotel-keeper knows how to bestow.

Tipton could scarcely wait to get into his outing clothes. An hour later they were strolling down through the quiet woods to the bank of the stream that chattered away to the music of the breeze.

"Could anything," murmured Tipton, "be finer?"

He pressed his wife's hand. "This is rest. This is true solitude. When I think of that maddening city, I wonder how I could ever have lived there. I never want to go back again."

The next morning after a fine breakfast—for our friend had made sure of his place—Tipton strolled out and said good morning to the proprietor.

"Well, sir," said the proprietor, "how do you like our little view?"

"Great!" exclaimed Tipton. "It certainly is a charming spot. By the way, you don't happen to have any of the New York papers here, do you?"

"Not regularly," said the proprietor. "You see, this is a place where folks come to rest, and we don't have much call for 'em."

"Certainly not," said Tipton. "Precisely. Thought I would just like to glance over the head-lines, that's all."

He joined his wife, who was walking in the near view.

"This is a great place to rest," he observed somewhat tritely, as they walked off toward the stream. "Never was in a place quite like this. Couldn't even get a morning paper."

Mrs. Tipton looked at him suspiciously.

"Now, dear," she said, "that isn't fair. You must forget the world."

At noon Tipton sought the proprietor once more.

His face wore a shade of anxiety. He clutched his cigar nervously.

"You don't happen to have a telegraph or a long-distance telephone near here, do you?" he asked. "Fact is, I came away yesterday and forgot an important matter."

"No, sir!" said the proprietor. "We haven't such things around. This, as you know, is a place for complete rest, as advertised."

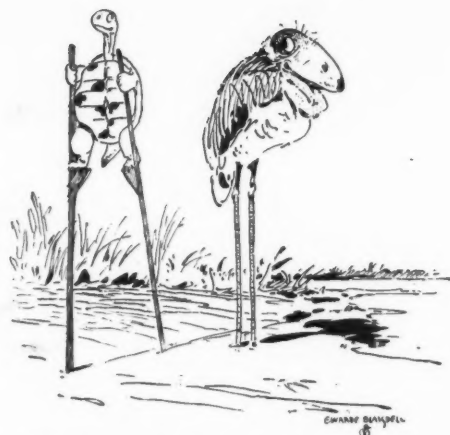
"Very well, sir," said Tipton. "You can make out my bill."

He glared fiercely around him and walked upstairs to his room.

"My dear," he said, "would you mind if we got out of this prehistoric place on the first train?"

Mrs. Tipton gazed at him blankly for a moment and threw her arms around his neck.

"Mind!" she exclaimed. "Why, I



Turtle: THERE ARE OTHERS. YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN GET UP IN THE WORLD.

was only staying here for your sake. I didn't dare say how lonesome I was! I am afraid, my dear, we have never lived in the country long enough to appreciate it."

Two hours later they were in the dining-car of the Long Branch express, with the remains of a feast and a cold bottle between them.

"I've wired the boys to send me the mail," said Tipton. "I will talk with the cashier over the wire as soon as we get in. I see the market opened up strong this morning. And now, if you will excuse me, I'll step into the smoking-room with this bundle of papers and catch up on twenty-four hours' lost time."

Tom Masson.

**A** FOOL and her money are soon courted.

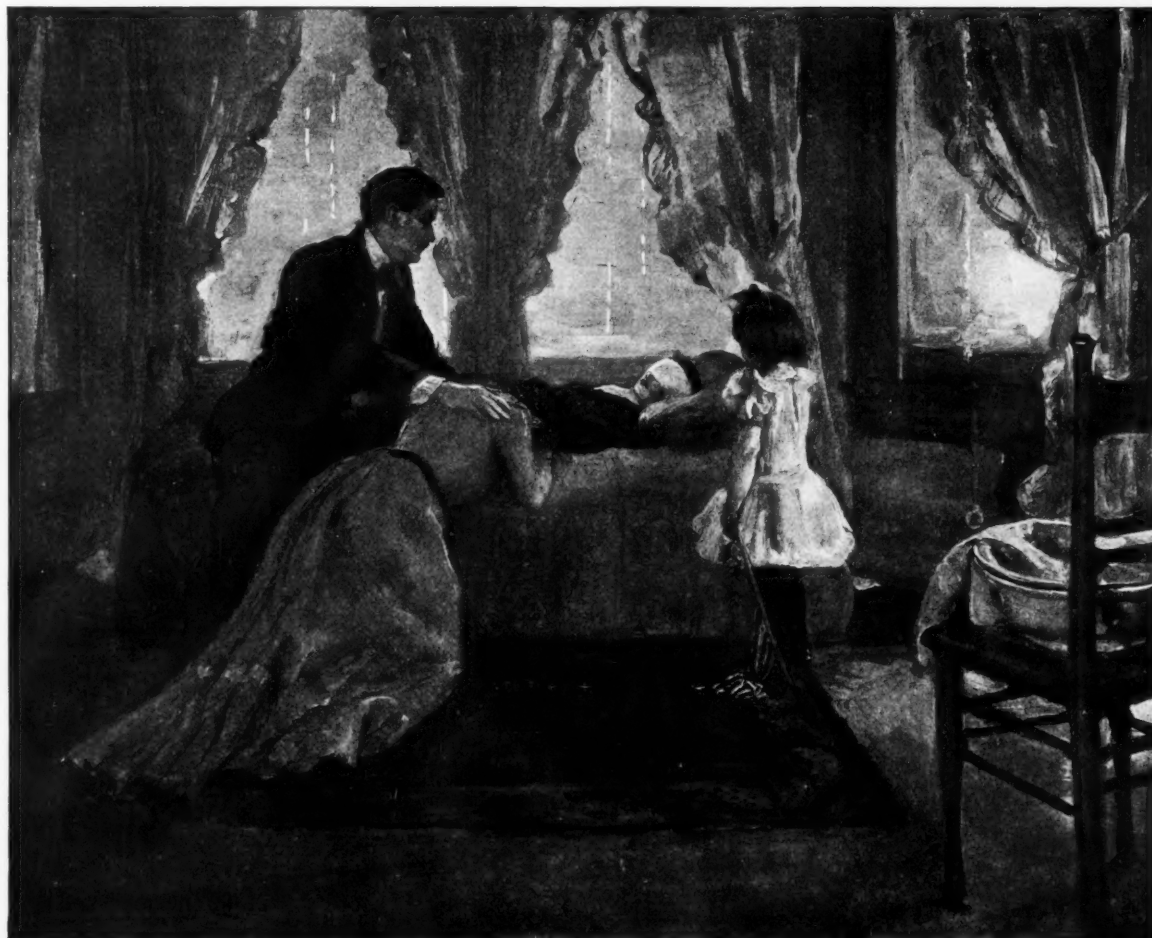
### Sport.

**A**UTOMOBILING is not likely to endure as a sport."

"No; people are already so shy that it's more a matter of luck than skill when anybody is run down."

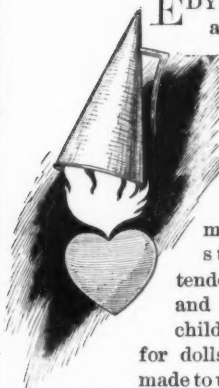
**T**HE principle of the automatic in art is pregnant with possibilities. It will not stop with the automatic piano-player. Probably our children, certainly our grandchildren, will be blessed with a machine which may be fastened to any table and which will write an historical novel, dragging in any famous personages desired.

**M**ODERN autobiographies make dull reading: they lack indiscretion.



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

### The Danger of Overtraining.



EDYTHER was the daughter of a brilliant father, and a mother who had a hard-earned reputation for originality. Of course great things were expected of their daughter, but Edythe reverted to a great-great-grandmother, and proved a soft, stupid, little thing, intended to be divinely lovable and tender. She evinced in childhood a depraved taste for dolls, but every effort was made to uproot this tendency, and her mind was diverted with intricate games which gave facts and informa-

tion in a nasty, sly, underhand way; later she was turned over to Art and Science, but their job of making something modern out of essentially primitive materials was not all that had been hoped. When Edythe displayed her accomplishments, the machinery was apt to creak a bit, and her carefully "bright" conversation had a somewhat phonographical effect. In consequence, despite the very good setting her parents gave their jewel, she was not a success.

When she was about twenty-eight years old and had gone in seriously for "aims," she met a high-nosed Boston young man. He had taken courses at English and German universities, but the Harvard accent was still discerni-

ble. He flung about like peanut shells the subjects that Edythe had gripped to her intellect with the clutch of a drowning man. He threw the largesse of his intellect abroad, like pennies tossed to beggars. The poets lingered at his tongue's end; the philosophers sprang forward like puppets when he pulled the wires. Sometimes when in a mischievous mood, he held up the tapestry of Science, woven through weary centuries, and mercilessly poked holes in its weak places. He was reserved, idealistic, dark-eyed, melancholy and immeasurably learned. And, oh, most fitting! He took a fancy to Edythe.

One evening as they sat together on the porch, with an environment of roses and moonlight and the sea,



*The Rabbit: I'LL BET THEY DON'T GET ME TO SLEEP IN THE MIDDLE TO-MORROW NIGHT.*

and Edythe's hopeful mother at a discreet distance, he said almost tenderly, "Miss Smith,—Miss Edythe,—Edythe, I may call you Edythe, may I not? What is your highest ideal of the truest happiness we may hope to attain on this weary, sad old earth?"

Now Edythe wanted very much to say, "Live in a little rose-covered cottage with you."

But she knew at once that this was an impulse of the



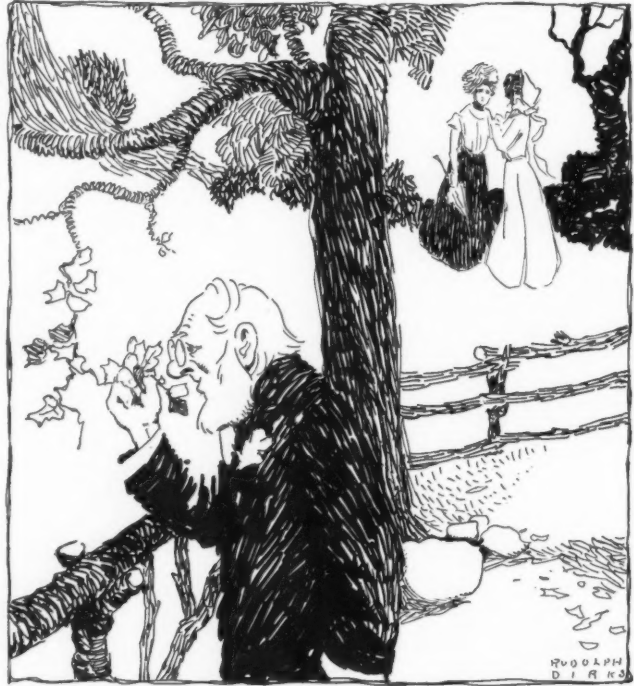
"DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO LITTLE BOYS WHO SMOKE?"  
"YEP. DEY GITS BOTHERED BY FOOL CRANKS."

"lower self." She did not even think "Devil." That is very vulgar indeed; they call it "lower self" in cultivated circles. So she replied with her usual trained vivacity:

"I think the truest happiness would be to command the leisure to explore the wide domains of thought. And, by the way, can you not help me a little during the next few days? There are a number of things I wish to do. I am still dissecting my cat." (Oh, how Edythe hated that dead cat.) "And I am somewhat puzzled about the nerve ganglia. Then, too, I am trying some experiments in hypnosis on frogs and chickens, which I am sure will interest you greatly; and do not forget that perfectly fascinating problem in higher mathematics. I trust that you can spare the time."

The high-nosed Boston young man said that he could, but the tenderness was gone from his tones. He felt that there was a time for "moonlight and music and feeling," and a time for dead cats. Edythe's lack of tact in obtruding the cat into the atmosphere of poetry and romance jarred upon him.

Poor Edythe! Art and Science had never taught her that



"IS HE LOOKING FOR BUGS?"

"OH, NO! THE PROFESSOR IS VERY NEAR-SIGHTED, AND HE IS LOOKING AT THE SCENERY."

when a man, even a Back Bay man, said, with that vibrant note in his voice, "May I call you Edythe?" it was her cue to lower her eyelashes and keep silent until he had repeated the question three times, each time more insistently, and then she should raise her eyes to his with a long, trustful gaze and whisper, "Yes—Winthrop."

But the moment of destiny passed, never to return. The shadow of the dead cat lay between them. *Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.*





*The Suitor:* WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER THE ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE?  
"FROM FIVE TO TEN THOUSAND A YEAR."

A WOMAN'S work is never done when she has a man to reform.

### The Smiling Little Girl.

(A FABLE.)

THERE was a little girl once whose natural expression was a pleased smile. It attracted the boys to an extent that the little girl's governess told her she must modulate the smile, or it would be supposed, as she grew to be a young lady, that she was seeking to attract masculine attention, than which nothing could be more unwomanly.

The little girl started in to be ladylike. By twenty she was severe looking. At twenty-five she was forbidding, and at thirty her face was positively repellent. She was a perfect lady, but the masculine sex had ceased to trouble her.

So she decided to throw prudence to the winds and to cultivate the old winning expression. But she had forgotten how to look pleasant and resembled a cheerful hyena when she smiled. Then she became melancholy, and that settled it. She saw them all go by. Misdirected refinement had been her ruin.

Moral: Never make a change unless you are sure it is for the better.

Kate Masterson.

### Marks.

THE lawn of Windsor Castle was covered with brilliant marques.—*London Advertiser.*

The English cling fondly to the quaint, old-fashioned orthographical forms; to the archaic "que," for instance, as if it really meant more to them than the modern "k."

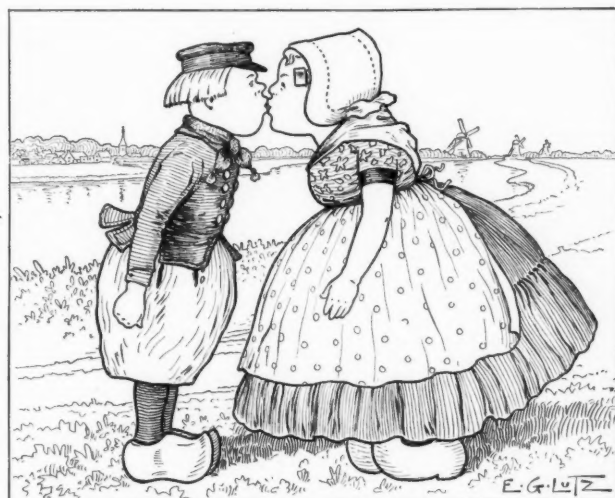
The brilliant marks are rather fewer than could be wished for; but there are at least enough of them to have covered the lawn of Windsor Castle nicely, and that is something.

### Ideal.

"WHAT shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

At least one hundred per centum per annum on the capital invested. The man who owns the earth and has no soul to bother him is operating under ideal business conditions.

IN war, at home or abroad, every victory demands another.



"IT'S ALL THE SAME IN DUTCH."



A NUMBER of our alleged literary journals, in their feminiscent of the late Mr. Stockton, have been ascribing to him the following "Limerick":

"There was an old monk of Siberia  
Whose life it grew drearier and drearier  
Till he broke from his cell  
With a hell of a yell  
And eloped with the Mother Superior."

This poem had its origin at Trinity College, Dublin, and has been well known in university circles here and abroad for generations. The Stockton version is simply an adaptation for the drawing-room.—*Evening Sun*.

MR. JAMES BUCKHAM, writing in the *New York Evening Post*, expresses the opinion that there is no humor so genuine as that of the country. It comes, he says, straight out of life, and is richer than the verbal cleverness of city folk. However that may be, the examples that he gives from a note-book full of literal records of conversations are alive with racy humor.

A middle-aged farmer once declared of his wife: "I've spent enough on that woman to buy three farms, an' yet she'd ruther go off to some meetin' than stay to home and help me dress a hawg!"

A pallid little countrywoman was asked if she was not going to keep a hired girl during the winter.

"Waal, I dunno," was the reply. "I don't feel as if I

could jest yit; but p'raps if I should git to feelin' a little better and stronger I might."

An elderly lady with a continuous twinkle in her eye, sampling a fresh batch of doughnuts, exclaimed, "Maria, your doughnuts do beat all! Even the holes in 'em taste better than anybody else's!"

It was the same lady who said, when her eighteen-year-old nephew appeared, tousled and muddy after a game of football, "Please don't anybody tell Tom that he looks like a poet. It makes him so mad!"

—*Youth's Companion*.

In many Scottish families the old man-servant is something of an institution. He enters the service of a particular family when a boy, adheres faithfully to his place for a long number of years, and only resigns when the infirmities of age are upon him. In time he becomes rather imperious in tone, and claims as his rights little things that were at first granted to him as favors. If any objection is urged to his demands he usually asserts himself with a spirit of independence.

A lady tells an amusing story illustrative of this. Her coachman—a crusty old customer who had been in the service of the family in her father's time—gave her great trouble and annoyance on different occasions by not carrying out her instructions. At length the matter became unbearable,

and she determined to see what effect dismissal would have upon the mutinous servant. Calling him into her presence, she said with as much asperity as she could command:

"I cannot stand this any longer, John. You must look out for another situation. You will leave my service at the end of the month."

The old servant looked at her in amusement for a minute, and then the characteristic "loyalty" came to the surface.

"Na, na, my lady," he said. "I drove you to the kirk to be baptized, I drove you to your marriage, and I'll stay to drive you to your funeral!"—*Exchange*.

MARTHA, the colored washerwoman, was complaining of her husband's health to one of her patrons. The *Christian Register* reports the dialogue:

"He's ve'y po'ly, ma'am, ve'y po'ly. He's got dat exclamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory, Martha. Exclamatory is from exclaim, which means to cry out."

"Yes, miss," answered Martha, with conviction, "dat's what it is. He hollers all de time."

THE unhappy consumer is beginning to inquire how he is to pay for the high-priced coal with which to cook the beef that he is unable to buy.—*Kansas City Journal*.

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### "Taken from the Enemy"

THE other afternoon, when President Roosevelt reached Dupont Circle, a "seeing Washington" electric car hove in sight, and the guide continued his lecture through a megaphone in this way: "On the left we see the elegant residence of Mr. George Westinghouse, the millionaire inventor and electrician, formerly the home of the late James G. Blaine; a little to the left of front we perceive the palatial mansion of Mr. L. Z. Leiter, the Chicago millionaire, and father of the famous beauty, Miss Mary Leiter, now Lady Curzon, the wife of the Governor General of India; in the park in front we are confronted by the statue of Admiral Dupont, and also in front we see the President of the United States on horseback."

The crowd looked, and one woman said, "Whose statue is it, McKinley's?"

"It's Roosevelt," the guide responded. "He ain't a statue yet."—*New York Tribune*.

"BROTHER, don't you know if you swear at those mules you won't get to Paradise?"

"Yes, pawson; but if I don't swear at them I won't get to the end of the row, and that's the important thing at present."—*Philadelphia Record*.

MISTRESS (to new servant): There are two things, Mary, about which I am very particular; they are truthfulness and obedience.

MARY: Yes'm; and when you tell me to say you're not in, when a person calls that you don't wish to see, which is it to be, mum—truthfulness or obedience?

—*The King (London)*.

WHEN Collis P. Huntington was married for the second time, Henry Ward Beecher performed the marriage ceremony. Huntington's first wife had been dead less than one year, and he desired the second marriage to be kept secret until his return from Europe. He gave Mr. Beecher a marriage fee of fifteen hundred dollars. When Huntington returned, some months later, he went through a public ceremony, and Beecher again officiated. He gave Beecher another fee of fifteen hundred dollars. The great preacher had his humor aroused by this second fee. Turning to Huntington, he said: "Collis, I do wish you were a Mormon."—*Argonaut*.

"LADY," began the dusty wayfarer, "could you help a poor sufferer of Mont Pelée?"

"Mont Pelée?" echoed the housewife; "why, you are no resident of Martinique."

"I know dat, mum, but I am a sufferer, just de same. Half de things kind ladies had saved fer me dey sent down dere."—*Philadelphia Record*.

THE principal of a high school tells the following anecdote:

One day at school I gave a bright boy a sum in algebra, and although the problem was comparatively easy, he couldn't do it.

I remarked, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. At your age George Washington was a surveyor."

The boy looked me straight in the eyes and replied, "Yes, sir; and at your age he was President of the United States."—*Exchange*.

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

UNDER the terms of surrender, the Boers are permitted to retain their guns. This is very magnanimous, considering the source from which the guns were derived.

—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"Paw, will you buy me a book?"

"What is the name of the book you want?"

"Nicaragua Bill."—*Ohio State Journal.*

### ELECTRIC-LIGHTED TRAIN TO CALIFORNIA.

The "Overland Limited" via Chicago and North-Western, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific Railways has electric reading lamps in every berth; long distance telephone service, buffet-library cars (with barber and bath), compartment observation cars, and dining cars. All agents sell tickets via this route.

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"Only half calf? I suppose that's because of the Beef Trust. But I can't afford whole calf. I should feel ashamed to have a book in the house that was not the real thing."

—*Boston Transcript.*

"So you made a great hit in your presentation of 'Hamlet,' Mr. Barnstormer? I suppose the audiences called you to come out before the curtain."

"Called me? They dared me!"—*Baltimore News.*

"AND from her garments wafted as she passed, A fragrant, subtle perfume . . ."

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER gives to woman this added charm. It lends "sweets to the sweet." Sprayed on the garments it surrounds the wearer with an atmosphere of refinement.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN was compelled to keep out of English society because people besieged him for tips as to investments. It is a pity that our aristocracy can not go abroad without being thus annoyed.—*Washington Star.*

### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

EDISON says he can make an automobile that will go fast enough to take a man's breath away. Perhaps such a machine would be a good thing if it could be put into the hands of the right people.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

THE Democratic party should get out an injunction against the British to prevent them from removing their mule camp from this country. The Democrats needed it to use as a political issue.—*Chicago News.*

LIGHTER hearts and stronger bodies follow the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At grocers.

DOWN in Martinique they are seeking the bubble reputation even at the crater's mouth.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

In describing the coronation scene in an amateur dramatic performance, that had just been presented in his town, the editor of a Michigan newspaper declared its "gorgeousness is such as to belittle the magnificence of Solomon and even to out-Edward Edward."—*Exchange.*

ONE of Lord Salisbury's pet anecdotes is the story of the barber of Portsmouth whom he had occasion to patronize some years ago. This tonsorial artist did not fail to recognize his distinguished patron, for the latter, on passing the shop a few days later, was gratified to observe a placard in the window bearing this inscription: "Hair cut, 3d. With the same scissors as I cut Lord Salisbury's hair, 6d."

—*New York Tribune.*

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—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

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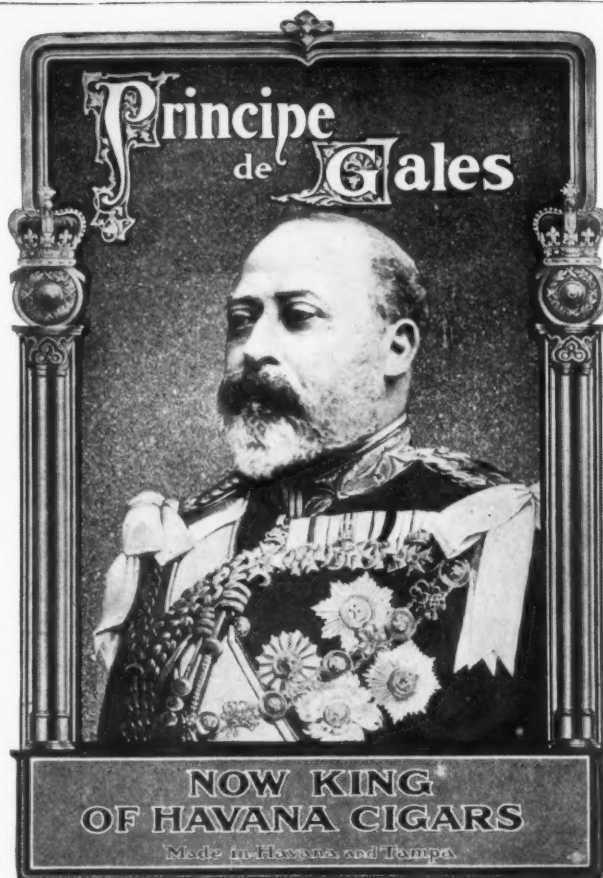
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